

DELL
COMIC
#70-75

ZANE GREY'S

10¢

KING

of the **ROYAL MOUNTED**





True tales of the R. C. M. P. SNOW BLINDNESS

Among the many dangers a Mounted Patrolman faces in the Arctic, snow blindness is one of the most dreaded. In some places near the Arctic Circle, the sun does not set at all for four months during the short warm season. The bright sun shining on the unending fields of white snow or shiny ice sets up a glare that is so bright it can blind a man in a short time. This is particularly true during the month of June when the sun is low on the horizon and the light strikes the earth at a sharp, slanting angle. Many an Arctic traveler has died within a few feet of his dog sled or cabin because he was blinded by the glare.

A man new to the Arctic soon learns that he needs sunglasses to guard against the strong light. But he soon discards the ordinary smoked glasses that he first uses. Glass steams up quickly in the Arctic when a man's breath blows across it. Glass is easily broken in the rough and tumble of driving a dog team and becomes very brittle when subjected to temperatures way below zero. Long ago, the Eskimos learned to make goggles that protect the eyes, do not have to be wiped every ten minutes and are almost unbreakable.

Eskimo goggles are a simple mask of wood made to cover the eyes. The wearer sees through two narrow slits cut through the mask. There is a slight projection on the top of the mask which casts a shadow over the eye slits like the peak of a cap and the Eskimos often blacken the front of the masks with soot mixed with seal oil so that it will absorb rather than reflect. The narrow slits cut down on the amount of light entering the eye just enough so that snow blindness seldom results. The back of the mask is hollowed out so that the eyebrows, nose and cheeks do not fit inside the mask too tightly. If the mask gapped the face too snugly, circulation would soon be cut off or slowed down and the man would freeze.





DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



THE POLICE ARE HOLDING THE ESKIMOS FOR MURDER!---BUT MY FATHER'S BODY IS MYSTERY! AND OBVIOUSLY HE IS ALIVE! KID TELEGRAPHED THAT ONLY FOK, KING, COULD LEARN THE TRUTH!

BUT--- BENT RIVER IS A LONG WAY FROM MY DETACHMENT!



MISS CRANDALL HAS TALKED WITH THE COMMISSIONER, KING! I HAVE HIS REQUEST!---TO RELEASE YOU FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT! YOU WILL LEAVE AT ONCE!

VERY GOOD, SIR!



OH, KING! I'M SO RELIEVED! I--- WE'VE BEEN YOU DO THE IMPOSSIBLE BEFORE!

EVEN A MOUNTED POLICEMAN CAN DO NO MORE THAN HIS BEST, JULIA!



LATE THE NEXT DAY, A MOUNTED POLICE PLANE TOUCHES DOWN NEAR THE BARRACKS AT BENT RIVER



KING! I KNEW YOU'D COME! BUT I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT TAKE YOU LONGER---

THE FLYING WEATHER WAS GOOD, KID!



---BUT I WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY FROM THE BEGINNING! FIRST OF ALL!

I CAN TELL YOU!---ON OUR WAY TO THE BARRACKS, KING! YOU SEE, UNCLE RUPERT CAME HERE TO STUDY CERTAIN HABITS OF POLAR BEARS---



"AND HE TOOK
ME ALONG FOR
COMPANY! HE
HOPES I'LL BE A
NATURALIST SOME-
DAY!"



KID, YOUR CHEEKS ARE
SHINING FROST-BITE!
COME INTO THE TENT
AND I'LL TREAT IT
NOW!"

DEAR,
UNCLE
RUPERT!
THEY DO FEEL
NUMB!"



"OUR TWO ESKIMO HUNTERS, ARLATUK
AND UNBOMAK, WERE OUT WITH THE DOG
TEAMS, HUNTING FOR BEAR TRACKS,
LEAVING US ALONE AT THE SHELTER
TENT."



JUST HOLD THAT WARM SALT-BAG TO
YOUR FACE ANWHILE LONGER, KID!
I'LL FINISH BROWING THIS SOON!
LOVE!"



I'M HOPING THAT WHEN A BEAR
GETS A WHIFF OF THIS, HE'LL
FORGET COMMON SENSE ...

"IT WAS ANWHILE LATER, AS UNCLE RUPERT WAS
WORKING OVER THE PRIMUS STOVE, WHEN--"



"--- SOMETHING HIT ME ON THE HEAD AND
KNOCKED ME OUT!"



"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WAS BEFORE I CAME TO---
WITH A BOOMING HEADACHE!"

"THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WAS THE STILLNESS! I CALLED, AND GOT NO ANSWER!"

UNCLE RUPERT!
UNCLE RUPERT!
WHERE ----?



"AND THEN I NOTICED THE RIPS IN THE TENT AND A COUPLE OF BULLET HOLES, BURNED BY SUN-FLAME! COLD AIR WAS COMING THROUGH THEM."

WHAT MADE
THOSE?



"THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS A BLOCK OF SNOW HOLDING DOWN THE TENT FLAP ---- WITH A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON IT."

WRITING? ON THIS
BLOCK OF SNOW?
"DON'T WORRY ----
WAIT AT BENT RIVER."



"I THOUGHT UNCLE RUPERT MUST HAVE GONE SOME-
WHERE IN A HURRY ---- COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO COME
TO! BUT I COULDN'T GO ANYWHERE UNTIL AKLATUX
AND UNCOMAK CAME BACK. --"



"JUST BEFORE DARK THEY CAME IN."

RE ----
UNCOMAK!
AKLATUX!



"I WATCHED THE DRIVERS UNLATCH THEIR DOGS."

WHERE WERE
CRANDALL?

SOMEWHERE, ALONE.
AKLATUX? HE LEFT A MESSAGE
THAT WE'RE TO WAIT FOR HIM
AT BENT RIVER?



"...AND THEN SOMETHING BEHIND THE TENT STARTED THE
DOGS BRISTLING AND GROWLING."

"HOM! WHAT
YOU FIND
THERE?"

"ARRR"
OO-OOOHHH!"

"PARKA! BELONG TO
MIST' GRANSALL!"

"GOOD BRUFF!
THAT'S GOOD
UNIT, AKLATUK!"

"THE PARKA WAS STAINED WITH BLOOD, FROZEN NOW,
OF COURSE. AND A BASH SHOWED IN THE CLOTH."
UNCLE RUPERT'S GUN LAY BESIDE IT."

"HEIGULF?"---SOMETHING
K-KILLED HIM?"

"MIST' GRANSALL,
GUN--- BROKEN!"

"RELATUK AND UNDOOMAK HADN'T ANY WAY TO
EXPLAIN IT--- THAT MADE ANY SENSE."

BUT WHO---OR
WHAT---COULD
HAVE DONE IT---?"

"NO TRACKS! SHOW
COVER-UP! WE THINK
WEEBIE SPIRIT BEAR
BET-UM!"

"NEXT MORNING WE LOOKED AROUND---BUT THERE WASN'T A
SIGN OF UNCLE RUPERT. SO WE PACKED UP AND HEADED
BACK TO BEAT RIVER."

"CRACK!"

"UMMM! AND THEY
LOOKED THE
ESKIMOS UP! WELL,
WE'LL SEE WHAT
THE BEAT RIVER
DETACHMENT
HAS TO SAY."

"HERE COME
SERGEANT HALL
AND CONSTABLE
LANDERS FROM
THE BARRACKS!"

THAT EVENING, IN
SERGEANT BALL'S
OFFICE — — —

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
THE ESKIMOS' MOTIVE
MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOR
MURDER — — — IF IT WAS
MURDER — — — BALL?

REVENGE . . .
AND MONEY?



RUPERT CRANDALL WAS DISAPPOINTED THAT
ARLATUK AND UNDOOMAK HADN'T FOUND ANY
BEANS FOR HIM! HE THREATENED TO
DISCHARGE THEM AND HIRE OTHERS!



THAT WOULD NATURALLY HURT A HUNTER'S
PRIDE. BESIDES, THE ESKIMOS MAY
HAVE LEARNED THAT CRANDALL
CARRIED A MONEY BELT.

I SEE
THEY WANTED?



BUT, EVEN SUPPOSING THAT THEY KILLED HIM — — —
AND LEFT — — — AND CAME BACK TO PUT ON THE LITTLE
ACT OF FINDING HIS SUN AND PAPER — — — TO FOOL KID
NOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE BLOCK OF SNOW WITH
CRANDALL'S MESSAGE ON IT?



ESPECIALLY, SERGEANT BALL,
WHEN NEITHER ARLATUK
NOR UNDOOMAK CAN WRITE
A WORD! UNCLE RUPERT
MUST HAVE DONE IT!

UMMM? UNLESS
YOU BEAMED IT,
KID? YOU WERE
KNOCKED OUT — — —
AND THE SNOW
BLOCK MELTED
LATER?



IT'S LIKE TO QUESTION
ARLATUK AND UNDOOMAK,
BALL? TONIGHT, IF I
MIGHT?

VERY WELL?
I'LL TAKE YOU
TO THEM, KID!



THE NEXT MORNING...

KID, THIS MICROSCOPE THAT WAS IN YOUR UNCLE'S EQUIPMENT HAS PROVED ONE THING...

WHAT'S THAT, KID?

THE BLOOD ON PARRAT GRABALL'S PARKA IS NOT HUMAN BLOOD!

WH-WHAT? HOW CAN YOU TELL??

I'VE MADE A FAIRLY THOROUGH STUDY OF BLOOD CHARACTERISTICS, ANIMAL AND HUMAN, KID! I AM ALMOST POSITIVE THAT THE BLOOD ON YOUR UNCLE'S PARKA IS THAT OF A BEAR!



FOR ANOTHER THING --- THE BASH IN THIS CLOTH... I THINK IT WAS MADE BY SOMETHING MUCH COLDER THAN A KNIFE OR HARPOON.

A BEAR'S CLAW?



COME ON! LET'S FIND SERGEANT BALL AND TELL HIM WHAT YOU'VE FOUND!

ALL RIGHT! I WANT TO ASK FOR A GOOD DOG TEAM, TOO!



SERGEANT BALL... WE'VE GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU!

WELL? WHAT DO THE MICROSCOPE SHOW YOU, KID?



BEAR'S BLOOD ON GRABALL'S PARKA? I'M SURE OF IT! I BELIEVE RUPERT GRABALL IS ALIVE!

PROB-AB?





FWO SLEDS---LIGHTLY LOADED---
PROBABLY HUNTING MEAT! THEY'RE
HEADED OUT ONTO THE PACKICE
OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN!

WE'LL FOLLOW
THEM, KING!

YES! I'M PRETTY
SURE THOSE AREN'T
ANY ESKIMOS NATIVE
TO BENT RIVER!

AFTER TWO HOURS
TRAVELING---

THERE'S A PRO-
SORE RIDGE! SHOULD
BE ABLE TO SEE A BIT
FARTHER FROM THE
TOP!

KING! AM I HEARING THINGS
IN MY HEAD--- LIKE
GROWLING AND---

NOT I HEAR
IT, TOO, KING!

POLAR BEARS---
FIGHTING OVER A
SEAL!

OWRA!

EKIMOS---WATCHING---
WITH THEIR DOGS! SEE?

GOBBLE!

BOONH!

SUDDENLY, THE ESKIMO GOES DASH FROM BEHIND
THE FILE OF ICE CHAINS — — —



... TO SWARM ABOUT THE FOUR BEARS, RIPPING
AND SNARLING!

AS THE FOUR HUNTERS EDGE IN, THE BEAST BECOMES MORE FURIOUS!



KID! CLIMB DOWN TO THE SLED AND
BRING MY RIFLE! THIS IS GOING
TO BE BAD, I'M AFRAID!

"Y-YESH"



— — — AND HURRY! OR SOME OF
THOSE HUNTERS ARE GOING TO
GET THEMSELVES KILLED!



AT THAT MOMENT, A HUNTER SEES HIS OPERING — — — AND
LUNGES AT THE HUGE BEAST.



MORTALLY WOUNDED, THE BEAR FIGHTS BACK WITH
TERRIBLE POWER...



...AND TEETH!



BOOMPH!



WITH A LIGHTNING LUNGE, THE BRUTE STRIKES AT HIS
"SPILLED" ATTACKER.

THEN, DESPITE FAILING STRENGTH, HE STRIKES
AGAIN AT THE HELPLESS ESKIMO...



SHOOT,
AND
SHOOT!



AT THE RIFLE'S REPORT, THE BEAR COLLAPSES, DEAD ...



AT THE SAME TIME, BONE-HEADED SPEARS
ARE DOING DEADLY WORK



BUT ANOTHER STONE-AGE WEAPON DOES
SPINNING



AND THE TWO RENDING BEARS SUDDENLY CHARGE,
IGNORING THE BRAVE DOGS ...



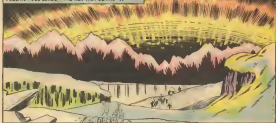
TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE, KING'S WEAPON
SPEAKS AGAIN



--- LEAVING THE LAST FIGHTING MONSTER TO ITS HUNTERS ?



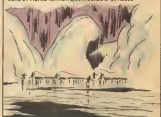
HOURS LATER, THE THREE DOG TEAMS MOVE OVER THE ICE, PULLING FULL LOADS. THE WEN TROT BEHIND ...



LEAVING THE COAST, THE INLAND EDGES TURN INTO A NARROW VALLEY



SOON THE VALLEY NARROWS TO A DEEP GORGE. THIN ICE, WORN BY FIERCE CURRENTS, SURROUNDS OPEN HOLES



KING, TRYING TO DODGE AROUND KING TO THE SLED, STEPS ON A STILL THINNER PLACE --- AND GOES IN!



WEATHERED BY THE PASSAGE OF THE LEADING SLED, THE THIN ICE GIVES OUT. HOUS WARNS







PROMISE OF THE HUT STEPS A BEARDED WHITE MAN, WALKING WITH A LIMP...

UNCLE RUPERT?

WHY—BLESS MY SOUL! KID?



UNCLE RUPERT YOU KNOW KING?

SERGEANT KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED? I SHOULD SAY I DO! WHAT CRIME AM I CHARGED WITH—?



THE CRIME OF MAKING EVERYBODY THINK YOU WERE FOOLLY MURDER OF TWO ESKIMO HUNTERS AND IN JAIL AT BENT RIVER, CHARGED WITH KILLING AND MURDERING YOU, AND YOUR DAUGHTER IS FRANTIC WITH WORRY, CRASSALL.



MY WORD! I'M SORRY, KING! IT WAS LEAVING THAT BLOOD PARKA AND BROKEN BUN, I SUPPOSE I SAW NO NEED TO TAKE THEM WITH ME --- AND I MAY WANT TO STUDY THIS STONE AND TRIBE OF INMATE SO I WENT WITH THEM



HUT, COME IN! IT'S WARM IN THE HUT, AND YOU CAN REST..

BUT---UNCLE RUPERT---BRAF HAPPENED AT OUR TENT?



MY WORD! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, DIDN'T I? ABOUT THE BEAR! HE MUST HAVE BEEN ATTRACTED BY THE SCENT LURE I WAS BREWING IN THE TENT, KID!

A POLAR-BEAR? WAS BRAF WHAT KNOCKED ME OUT?



YES, KID! I SHOT HIM TWICE, THROUGH THE TENT WALL--- THEN CRAWLED OUTSIDE AND SHOT HIM AGAIN! STILL, HE KNOCKED ME SILLY, AND RIPPED MY PARKA, AND BLEED ALL OVER IT.





AN HOUR LATER --- ON THE LEDGE
WHERE THE PLANE VANISHED ---

KING: A
CAVERN
MOUTH?

YES. COVERED
WITH SOFT SNOW.
THE PLANE FLOWED
THROUGH!

A THING LIKE THIS WOULDN'T
---EVEN HAPPEN
ONCE IN SEVERAL
MILLION CHANCES---

THEN YOU
THINK ---
THERE'S A
CHANCE?

THROUGH FLUFFY SNOW, KING AND KID
STRUGGLE INTO THE OPENING

IT'S FARTHER
IN!

THERE'S A
BROKEN-OFF
WING TIP!

THE DOOR'S STILL
CLOSED---

STAND BACK, KID! DON'T
KNOW WHAT WE'LL
FIND!













AN HOUR LATER, A PETTY OFFICER
STOPS OUT OF A BUILDING, FROM
WHICH COME ODORS OF HOT FOOD,
AND BLOWS A WHISTLE.



AT THE WHARF ALL WORK STOPS. THE COMMON SEAMEN TROOP IN TO THE
LARGER BUILDING --- OFFICERS INTO A SMALLER ---



THEY'RE AT MESS! NOW
IS OUR BEST CHANCE!
LET'S GO ---

---AND
HOPE FOR
THE BEST!



KING! WHAT DO
YOU WANT WITH
THOSE SMOKE BOMBS?

I'M NOT SURE
SURE, KID ---
BUT THEY MIGHT
PROVE USEFUL!



KEEP CLOSE TO ME! WE'LL
USE THE BUILDINGS FOR
COVER --- WHERE WE CAN!

WITHIN SIGHT
OF SAFETY.

GRH ---?
MY ANKLE ---?





COME ON, JULIA!
ANKLE OR NO ANKLE
--- IF THEY SPOT
US ---

I -- I'M
SORRY,
BOB



AT THAT MOMENT AN OFFICER OF THE
SUBMARINERS, ABOUT TO ENTER
THE MESS ROOM, NOTICES THE
FIGURES NEAR THE STAIRS



HA!?



SPATT!

THAT DOES IT!
THEY'LL ALL BE
AFTER US NOW!

COME---



I'LL CARRY YOU
IF YOUR ANKLE'S
BROKEN---

NO! I ONLY TURNED IT!
I CAN USE IT ---
BETTER ALL THE
TIME!



UP WE GO, THEN! THE STAIRWAY
WINDS! WE'RE SAFE AS LONG
AS WE KEEP AHEAD OF
PURSUIT!





FROM THE ELEVATOR WELL, BLOWING, ACID
SMOKE BEGINS TO FILL THE CAVERN! SHOUTS
OF ALARM ECHO



THOSE BOMBS WORKED!
NOW --- TO THE
ENTRANCE!

I'LL SAY THEY WORKED!
THEY'RE BURNING THE
WOODEN STAIRS ---
BY THE SMELL!



KING'S SHOT SENDS THE MAN'S PISTOL FLYING...



HE'S ALONE --- FOR THE
MOMENT! I'LL PICK UP
THE GUFFLE ---



NOW --- FOR THE ENTRANCE!
KID --- YOU AND JULIA
PICK UP THE SNOW-
SHOES WE LEFT
THERE!

CARRYING THE EXTRA SNOWSHOES AND RUFFLE FROM
THE WRECKED PLANE, KING AGAIN LEADS THE
WAY

---AND BREAKER TRAIL AT THE CAVERN'S ENTRANCE!

HOW MUCH---TIME---
HAVE WE GOT,KID?
---BEFORE THEY
SPOT US?

HEAVEN KNOWS!
SAVE YOUR
BREATH,KID!



EASY---NO BROKEN
LEGS,OR WE'RE
DUNK!



SLIDING AND TUMBLING,KID'S YOUR COMPANIONS
FOLLOW HIM DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE

---AND STILL
NO SIGN OF THEM?
I WONDER---



THEY'VE
DANTEED
US!



THE DEEP SNOW WILL HOLD THEM
UP---UNLESS THEY'VE GOT
SNOWSHOES---OH,SAID!
HURRY!



KID---KID? WHO'S
SHOOTING AT YOU?
AND WHO---?



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

PUT JULIA ON THE SLED,
BIG— AND KEEP 'EM
GOING! I'LL TRY TO
DELAY THOSE FELLOWS

DON'T WAIT
TOO LONG, KING!
COME ON, JULIA!



OH—DAD? THEY
TOLD ME THAT YOU'D
BEEN FOUND!

JULIA—CHILD?
POW— IS THAT
PLANE—?



WHEW— YOU HUSKIES!
WE'RE STILL UNDER
FIRE!

POW!



I DROVE THEM TO COVER— BUT
THEY'LL KEEP COMING! AND THEY
HAVE GOT SKIS STRAPPED TO
THEIR BACKS!



AS BULLETS WHIP THE SNOW ABOUT HIM, KING GALLOPS
— THE FASTEST GAIT ON SNOWSHOES — TO KEEP
AHEAD.

THEY'RE COMING— ON THE
LEVEL— FASTER WITH SKIS
THAN I CAN GO ON SNOWSHOES!
BUT I DON'T DARE SHOOT
BACK TILL I'VE PASSED
THAT SNOW CORNER!



NOW! I'LL HOLD THEM BACK—
TILL THE CANNONALS —
AND NO— HAVE A
SAFE LEAD!





SUDDENLY THE MOUNTAIN SHUDDERS! A MUFFLED THUNDER FILLS THE AIR.

---AND THE GREAT SNOW CORNICE, DISLOOSED, TOPPLES OUTWARD FROM ITS ANCHORAGE---



---TO BURY THE PASS AND THE PURSUING SMUGGLERS UNDER A MIGHTY AVALANCHE OF SNOW!---

